

Udderly Delicious Ice Cream

by

Vixyy Fox

“How long do I have to keep my udder in this ice bucket?” Mabel asked in her whiny feminine tone. Her voice could raise the hair on a deaf Raccoon’s neck.

“Not too much longer,” Willie replied softly. He was remaining as quiet as possible, not wanting to disturb the process. He was the farm’s black and tan Collie, and like a gourmet chef waiting for his soufflé rise; he observed the cow’s udder in fascinated anticipation.

“And tell me again why I’m doing this?” she demanded.

Mabel.... Shhh... speak softer. We’re making ice cream; I told you that.”

“Annnndddd what again is ice cream?”

“Ice cream... it’s like... really really cold milk that’s all hard and ... and.... Uncle Joseph’s Pot Pies Mabel; it’s just the most delicious thing in the whole wide world.

Mabel shifted around, the ice crunching under her large milk bag. “Annnndddd tell me again why I need to be doing this? I mean... I don’t eat ice cream, do I? I mean... maybe I could understand frozen oats or corn or something...” She rolled her eyes. “I mean.... this is awfully uncomfortable and I don’t even know what ice cream is; except it has something to do with freezing my udder off.”

“You’re doing it because you’re my friend alright?” the dog told her. “I asked and you agreed. It’s a payback for my chasing that pesky cat away.”

She harrumphed. “You hated that cat. Wasn’t me you chased it for. You was having fun.”

“Whatever... minor detail... minor detail... I even told you the ice would be cold for God’s sake. Now shush it and listen up.” He straightened and spoke slowly as if addressing a half wit puppy, pacing in front of her, paws behind his back. “Every night before the farmer and his wife go to bed they serve up a big bowl of ice cream each. I heard them talking see, and they said they got it from some place called an ice cream parlor.” He stopped pacing. Laughing softly he slapped his paws together as the memory flooded his brain. He was now talking more to himself than to Mabel. “You should hear the old boy tell about it... he calls it an icesh cream parlure.” He frowned. “I wish to heck he would get his dentures fixed. It was hard enough understanding him with the darn things in good shape; now he’s hardly comprehensible at all.” He gave her a side wise look and hissed, “I have to guess at what he wants me to do half the time.”

He resumed his pacing. "At any rate they let me lick the ice cream bowls... and it is soooooo... well... I hope heaven is like how it tastes; that's how good it is Mabel."

"Uh huuuhhh," the cow responded, rolling her eyes again.

Willie stopped pacing with a sudden thought and came over to Mabel, placing a paw on her udder. She bopped him on top of his head with a hoof.

"OUCHHHHHhhhhhhhh." He grabbed his head with both paws and staggered backwards. "What'd ja do that for?"

"I'm not that kind of a cow Willie. You want to touch it you have to ask first and maybe give me a little kiss." She made kissy lips at the dog and he shivered at the thought... but he was desperate... ice cream was sooo good.

"Let me touch the udder and I'll think about the kiss."

Mabel wiggled around in the ice bucket trying again to get comfortable. The ice crunched and a few cubes fell out of the bucket.

"Oh all righttttt... Touch it!"

He hurried forward and placed a paw on her udder but it was still warm. "I don't think it's cold enough yet," he said in a hushed tone.

"What flavor do you think I'll produce?" she asked him. "You said there was a lot of them." She giggled and then winked at him as he looked up at her, making the kissy lips again.

Placing a paw over his eyes, he leaned in and gave her a quick peck on the lips and then backed up before she could slip him any tongue. "Vanilla..." he told her. "True is true Mabel; and you are without a doubt a vanilla cow. Now... Girdy on the other paw, is definitely a chocolate cow."

Mabel sighed and slouched a bit on her icy seat. "So how come you didn't ask Girdy to sit on this stupid ice bucket?"

"I don't like chocolate all that much," he responded, "And besides, chocolate's not good for us dogs."

The ice bucket crunched again and two of Mabel's teats peeked up and out of the cubes. She gave him a very pained look. "Well... I think I'm done for this; my udder's as cold as an undertaker's touch and I'm..."

Willie rushed forward, faking a large hug. Mabel smiled and held her arms out to embrace him but they never found the Collie. Like a pro wrestler he ducked the hug and

slipped lower onto her body. Grabbing one of her exposed teats he gave it an expectant pull and got a squirt of milk right between the eyes.

“HEY!” Mabel yelled at him as she stood.

Willie suddenly found himself full face to face with her ice dripping udder.

“I told you I wasn’t that kind of a cow!” she yelled at him. With that she bopped him hard on top of the head with her hoof; so hard in fact that he saw stars. Picking the Collie up bodily, she turned him around and sat him in the ice bucket; making sure his ball sack was good and submerged in the frozen cubes.

Standing back, she yelled at him, “You masher! I wouldn’t give you ice cream now even if I could.” She then pointed a hoof at him and laughed as a thought occurred to her; “But if you sit there long enough maybe you’ll get yourself a frozen pupsicle... it’d serve ya right too!”

Turning, she stalked off and left him to the quiet of the barn. In a moment, when his senses finally cleared, the Collie stood and gently wiped the ice chips from his nethers. Turing, he slowly knelt and then stuck his sore head into the bucket.

He thought long and hard about his plan as he tried to get the pain to go away. There just had to be a less hurtful way of making ice cream... dang... there just had to be. Maybe he should just raid the freezer and take his chances with the farmer and his shotgun.

The ice in the bucket crunched as he moved just enough to allow for a smile. Maybe somehow he could blame Mabel. It’d certainly serve her right... dam but his head hurt.